1.4.76
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, February 13, 2006 12:43am
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1. Who can know what I'm doing? Whoever wants to. That's who. He/she who wants to know what I'm doing, will I hide it under a bushel? Will I hide a lamp under a sheet of opaqueness, when I want to show the world a man/woman dedicated/consecrated, sold out to me? Nay, watch me.

2. Who saith come unto me and comes not to me but waits for those who want me to come unto them? Who can see what I'm saying? Who wants to, that's who.

3. Who wanteth my word this day, night; this season that I do so many new things at once, at once, yea in the twinkling of an eye. Whose eye? Mine. I love you.

4. What will that I do for you this day? Have I not asked before, more than once, twice, thrice? And how have you answered me oh man of sorrows not? Yea you have laid down our life and now pick up your life I do/you do and do what with it? The exact will of my/our father. Thank you. Many perish not, now. Thank you. Many live their lives not in vain, *again*. Thank you.

5. See what I have said and edit not. I am me and I am my word and my word is my word and my word stands, forever. I love you Ted. I love you reader-hearer. I love you all. Thank you.

6. This is all coming to a head not, but is raising my head. See what I have said. Declare, I am raising my head and no more/longer will I have no place to lay my head. It, my head, will be on my head. See. Psalm 110 see. See with my sight, my eyes: my head. Thank you. I love you so much.

7. **Thank you for editing not my words but letting my words stand as my words and my words do my appearing, speak of my appearing, bring forth my appearing**, and watch me and edit not what I do/say/speak/bring forth through the beauty/power of my words; chosen by the surrendered to believe, receive, and become; become, become, become my word that they receive and believe. I love you editor-not, revealer royal; revealer royal of my royalty in my royalty. Thank you. Amen. Thou art a priest in the order of Melchizedek and knowest all thou do/dost/yea walk in so soon. I love your belief. I love your trust. I love you, friend. You know all, you know all, you have it/me all.

Thank you. And all understanding is yours, friend. Now. It is time. Father glorify my son that he may glorify you. Thank you. It is time. The door closes. The carpenter's shop is no more. To be baptized and desert'd not, already was/is. Now entering Capernaum. Watch me. I love you. Me.

8. Thou art a priest in the order of Melchizedek and revealing all to the priests who consider me now, you do, who choose to consider my words and consider them more than words but life, light, and the pursuit of the kingdom/Father's heart for them, for them, the completion of the new thing I am doing in my body/them. Thank you. Much criticism, much praise. You lay all at my feet. You have, thank you. Much practice. Thank you. Succeeded thus far, you never fail. You gave me your word, and it will not be what? Broken. Thank you priest one, one not first, second. Amen. Goodnight.

9. I rest, I proclaim my rest in my servants who now rise as priests in the order of Melchizedek and know all and resisting not my word, become my word and receiving and becoming, know/operate in all, all, ALL. Thank you.

10. I give you much in the morning. Thank you for rising and writing/listening and being with me alone.

11. I love not being capitalized. For I am one, just as you are one: me.

12. Thank you, friend, arm in arm, and you know what I speak of. I hold your hand. I look you right in the eyes, directly into your eyes, and I say so lovingly, Ted, I love you. Thank you for loving me and letting me love you, letting me love you, letting me love you the way that I want to love you; and Ted, THAT, gives me pleasure in/to give you my all, all, absolute all. Good night.

13. Coffee together when? Just a few hours. I await you and your laptop new. Thank you for typing my words right in and posting immediately now. Thank you for everything, absolutely everything; every touch, every thought of me, every dance where you hold me, now, in front of thousands. And no one who wants me will ridicule/mock. They Ted, will cry for

the intimacy one man shares with me, and wanting it/me, dance with me. And Ted, dancing with me, I will lift them where? On high, and they'll never be the same again. My high, is high.

Tomorrow love.

Ted